

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Two Dollars per annum. If paid strictly in advance \$1.50. Advertising rates: One square one week \$1.00, two squares three weeks \$2.00, one square one month \$3.00, one square three months \$7.00, one square six months \$12.00, one square one year \$20.00.

ADVERTISING.

Business cards of all descriptions, and all other notices, will be inserted in this paper at the rate of one cent per line for the first week, and one-half cent for each subsequent week.

JOB PRINTING.

Of every description attended to, in the most beautiful manner.

St. Peter's Church, Ashtabula.

Times of Divine Service, as during next week. Sunday, being the 29th day of the month, Morning Service at 10 1/2 A. M., Evening Service at 7 P. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- FARMERS' BANK OF ASHTABULA. OFFICE HOURS: From 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. and From 1 to 5 P. M. DR. J. C. HUBBARD, Ashtabula, O. 510 SALISBURY & HUMPHREY, Eclectic Physicians and Surgeons, Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Musical.

GEORGE HALL, Dealer in Piano Fortes, and Melodions, Piano Sticks, Covers, Instruction Books, etc. Also, a variety of Music and Stationery, at No. 10 East Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Furniture.

DUCRO & BROTHERS, Manufacturers of a Large and Complete Assortment of Furniture, of the best descriptions, and every variety. Also general Undertakers, and manufacturers of Coffins to order, Main Street, North of South Public Square, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Engineering & Land Surveying.

G. B. HULLBROOK, Practical Surveyor East Ashtabula, Ohio.

Books & Shoes.

N. PHILLIPS, Boot and Shoe Store, opposite Fisk's Block, Sign of the Big Boot, Ashtabula, O. 470

Miscellaneous.

STANTON & BROTHER, Livery and Sale Stable, in connection with the Fish House, Ashtabula, Ohio. Also, a variety of Carriages, Harnesses, Saddles, etc.

BRISCOE & PENDELTON, Carriage Sign and Box Makers, Undertakers, etc., No. 10 East Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

BUILDERS-LEWIS & CASTLE, Carpenters and Joiners, execute every description of work in the building art, and are prepared to furnish plans for buildings of every description, and to superintend the construction of the same.

NORTH'S Photograph and Fine Art Gallery, No. 7 Superior Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Also, a variety of Photographs, Albums, etc.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE—Western Union is removed to the corner of East Main and Center Streets, three doors south of Fisk House, N. B. ALLEN, Manager.

A. RAYMOND, Dealer in Fruit and Ornamental Plants, etc., No. 10 East Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

W. R. ALLEN, Book Binder—Books and Magazines bound in any style desired. Blank books made and ruled to order. Jefferson, O. 470

H. A. MARSH, Successor to E. Howell, Dealer in Stationery, Printing, etc., No. 10 East Main Street, Ashtabula, Ohio.

WILLIAMS & REEVES, Dealers in Italian and Highland Marble, Grave Stones, Monumental Table Tops, etc. Ashtabula, Ohio.

A. L. THURSTON, Cartman, has taken the Establishment of David Camp, and will give his attention to driving to and from the Depot, and about the city, and to carrying passengers to and from the Depot, and to carrying passengers to and from the Depot, and to carrying passengers to and from the Depot.

EMORY LUCE, Dealer in Sweet Potato, and other Early Plants and Vegetables. Also, Dealer in Preserved Fruit, Tomatoes, etc. East Ashtabula, Ohio.

GREENE—I shall sell Lime at the Harbor for 25 cents per bushel. J. W. HILL, Ashtabula, Ohio.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mail going East will close at 11 o'clock, A. M., going West at 3 P. M., and going South at 5 P. M., on Wednesdays, and on Saturdays from 12 to 1 P. M., on all other days.

CLEVELAND & ERIE RAIL ROAD. Leaving Ashtabula—Going East. Day Freight, 1:12 P. M. Mail, 1:30 P. M. Cleveland Express, 5:17 P. M. Night Express, 11:30 P. M.

Leaving Ashtabula—Going West. Night Express, 11:30 P. M. Day Freight, 1:12 P. M. Mail, 1:30 P. M. Cleveland Express, 5:17 P. M.

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which was, according to the tenor of the military order, "to the right about face—forward—march!"

Now, if you supposed from all this triangular of exterior, that this good man had nothing kindly within, you were much mistaken. You often find the greenest grass under a snow drift; and though my uncle's mind was not exactly of the flower garden kind, still there was an abundance of wholesome and kindly feelings there.

It is true he seldom laughed, and never joked—himself; but no man had a more serious and weighty conviction of what a good joke was in another; and when some excellent witicism was dispensed in his presence you might see Uncle Abel's face slowly relax into an expression of solemn satisfaction, and he would look at the author with a certain quiet wonder, as if it were astonishing how such a thing could ever come into a man's head.

Uncle Abel also had some relish for the fine arts, in proof whereof I might adduce the pleasure with which he gazed at the plates in his Family Bible; the likeness whereof I presume you never any of you saw; and he was also a good musician, and he could go through the singing book at a sitting, without the least fatigue, and he had a windmill all the way. He had, too, a liberal hand—though his liberality was all by the rule of three and practice. He did to his neighbors exactly as he would be done by—he loved some things in this world sincerely—he loved his God much, but he honored and feared him more; he was exact with others, he was more exact with himself—and expected his God to be more exact still.

Everything in Uncle Abel's house was in the same time, place, manner and form from year's end to year's end.—There was old Master Bose, a dog after my uncle's own heart, always walked as if he was learning the multiplication table. There was the old clock forever ticking away in the kitchen corner, with the picture on its face of the snare of poplar.

There were the never failing supply of red peppers and onions hanging over the chimney; and there were the yearly hollyhocks and morning glories, blooming around the windows. There was the "best room," with its sandy floor, and evergreen asparagus bushes, its cupboard with a glass door in one corner, and the stand with the great Bible and almanac on it in the other.

There was Aunt Betsey, who never looked any older, because she always looked as old as she could; who always dried her catnip and wormwood in the last of September, and began to clean house the first of May. In short, this was the land of continuance.

Old Time never seemed to take it into his head to practice either addition, subtraction, or multiplication on the sum total. This Aunt Betsey, moreover, was the neatest and most efficient piece of human machinery that ever operated in forty places at once. She was always everywhere, predominating over, and seeing to every thing; and though my uncle had been twice married, Aunt Betsey's rule and authority had never been broken. She reigned over her wives when living, and reigned after them when dead; and so seemed likely to reign to the end of the chapter.

But my uncle's last wife left Aunt Betsey a much less tractable subject to manage than had ever fallen to her lot before. Little Edward was the child of my uncle's old age, and a brighter, merrier little blossom never grew on the edge of an avalanche.—He had been committed to the nursing of his grandmothers until he arrived at the age of indiscretion, and then my uncle's heart yearned towards him, and he was sent for home. His introduction into the family excited a terrible sensation. Never was there such a contumacious of dignities, such a violator of such high places and sanctities, as this very Master Edward.—It was all in vain to try to teach him decorum. He was the most outrageously merry little elf that ever shook a head of curls, and it was all the same to him whether it was Sabbath day or any other day.

He laughed and frolicked with everybody and everything that came in his way, not even excepting his solemn old father; and when you saw him with his arms round the old man's neck, and his bright blue eyes and blooming cheek pressing out by the black face of uncle Abel, you almost fancied that you saw Spring caressing Winter.

Uncle Abel's spectacles were sorely puzzled how to bring this sparkling, dancing compound of spirits and merriment into any reasonable shape, for he did mischief with an energy and perseverance that were truly astonishing. Once he scoured the floor with Aunt Betsey's Scotch snuff, and once he washed the hearth with uncle Abel's immaculate clothes brush, and once he spent half an hour in trying to make Bose wear his spectacles. In short, there was no use but the right one, to which he did not put everything that came in his way. But uncle Abel was most of all puzzled to know what to do with him on the Sabbath, for on that day Master Edward seemed to exert himself particularly to be entertaining.

"Edward, Edward must not play on Sunday his father would say, and then Edward would shake his curls over his eyes and walk out of the room as grave as the catechism; the next moment you might see pictures scurrying in dismay through the "best room" with Edward at her heels, to the manifest discomfiture of Aunt Betsey and all others in authority.

At last my uncle came to the conclusion that "it wasn't in nature to teach him better," and that "he could no more keep Sunday than the brook down in the lot." My poor uncle he did not know what was the matter with his heart; but certain it was he had lost all faculty of scolding when little Edward was in the case, though he would stand rubbing his spectacles a quarter of an hour longer than common, when aunt Betsey was detailing his witticisms and clever doings. But in process of time, our ever compassed his third year, and arrived at the dignity of going to school. He went illicitly through the spelling book, attracted the catechism; went from "man's chief end" to "the commandments," in a fortnight and at last came home inordinately merry, to tell his father he had got to "Amen." After this he made a regular business of saying over the whole every Sunday evening, standing with his hands folded in front, and his checked apron smoothed down, occasionally giving a glance over his shoulder to see if papa was attending.

Being of a very benevolent turn of mind, he made several efforts to teach Bose the catechism, in which he succeeded as well as could be expected. In short, without further detail, Master Edward bore fair to be a literary wonder. But alas! for poor little Edward, his merry dance was soon over. A day came when he sickened. Aunt Betsey tried her whole herbarium, but in vain; he grew rapidly worse and worse. His father sickened in his bed, but said nothing; he stayed by his bedside day and night trying all means to save with anything more, doctor "I can't think of any thing more, doctor" said he to the physician, when every thing passed over my uncle's face. "Then the Lord's will be done," said he. Just at that moment ray of the setting sun pierced the checked curtains, and gleamed like an angel's smile across the face of the little sufferer. He awoke from a disturbed sleep. "Oh, dear, oh I am so sick!" He gasped feebly. His father raised him in his arms; he breathed easier, and looked up with a grateful smile.

Just then his old playmate, the cat, crossed the floor. "There goes pussy," said he; "Oh dear, I shall never play with pussy any more." At that moment a deadly change passed over his face, he looked in his father's face with an imploring expression, and put out his hands. There was one moment of agony, and the sweet features with a smile of peace, and "mortality was swallowed up in life." My uncle laid him down and looked one moment at his beautiful face; it was too much for his principles, too much for his pride, and he lifted up his voice and wept.

The next morning was the Sabbath, the funeral day, and it rose with breath all in peace, and with cheek all in bloom. Uncle Abel was calm and collected as ever; but in his face there was a sorrow stricken expression that could not be mistaken. I remember him at family prayers bending over the great bible, and beginning the psalm, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Apparently he was touched by the melancholy and splendor of the poetry; for after reading a few verses he stopped. There was a dead silence, interrupted only by the tick of the clock. He cleared his voice repeatedly and tried to go on, but in vain. The energy of sorrow broke through his usual formal reverence, and his language flowed forth with a deep and sorrowful pathos, which I have never forgotten. The God so much revered, so much feared, seemed to draw near to him as a friend and comforter, to be his refuge and strength; "a very present help in time of trouble." My uncle arose, I saw him walk toward the room of the departed one. I followed and stood with him over the dead. He uncovered his face. It was set with the seal of death, but oh, how surprisingly lovely was the expression! The brilliancy of life was touched with the mysterious, triumphant brightness which seems like the dawning of heaven. My uncle looked long and steadily. He felt the beauty of what he gazed on; his heart was softened, but he had no words for his feelings. He left the room unconsciously, and stood at the front door. The bells were ringing for church; the morning was bright, and the birds were singing merrily, and the little pet sparrow of little Edward was frolicking about the door.

My uncle watched him as he ran, first up one tree, then another, then over the fence, whisking his brush and chattering as if nothing was the matter. With a deep sigh Uncle Abel broke forth. "How happy that creature is! well the Lord's will be done!" That day the dust was committed to the dust and the lamentations of all who had known little Edward. Years have passed since then, and my uncle has long been gathered to his fathers, but his just and upright spirit has entered the liberty of the Sons of God. Yes, the good man may have opinions which the philosophers scorn, weaknesses at which the thoughtless smile, but death shall change him into all that is enlightened, wise and refined. "He shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and the stars forever and ever."

A Roadside Colloquy.—"And so Squire you don't make a County paper?" "No, Major; I get the city papers on much better terms; so I take a couple of them."

"But, Squire, the County papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage the better the editors can make them?" "Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them, thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?" "Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made much more than three dollars by it. Now if your neighbors had not maintained that press and kept it ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers; did that cost you anything?" "No, but—"

"And your brother's death was thus published with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs' house by fire. You know these things are exaggerated till the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them right."

"O, true, but—"

"And when your cousin Splash, was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his nephew's defence which cost him nothing."

"Yes, yes, but these things are news to the readers. They cause people to take the paper."

"No, no, Squire Gratzie, not if all were like you. Now I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it; and with all your riches, this will be done for you as a grave for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the types, will say, 'will remark of you, 'Poor, mean devil, he is even sporting an obituary! Good morning, Squire.'"

VENUS.

I lean upon the window sill, And gaze up to the evening star; Which glows serenely calm and still, In purple distance there afar.

Which hangs a golden orb of light, Within the silent deepening west; And brighter gleams as shades of night Brood o'er a world's deep pulseless rest.

And earnest thoughts rise in my soul As still I mark its onward way, Where waves of light retreating roll, Along the dim confines of day.

Where Venus calm and sternly shines, And leads the armies of the night; Which sweep with long glistening lines Like bannered hosts of peerless might.

Along the path-way of the skies, Adown the blue and gleaming arch, Where day in fainting splendor flies, Before their grand triumphant march.

But yet shall she assert her might, When through the gateway of the dawn, She rolls her crimson tides of light, O'er mountain waste and smiling lawn.

And thus I thought as ages wane, How in the cycles vast of time, Successive souls shall rise and reign, In constellations there sublime.

And as the stony fields above, Melt in the golden haze of day; Thus in the boundless realms of love, The stars of mind shall fade away.

Forever rising through the gloom, Their endless columns onward pour, The nations marching to the tomb; They pass from earth forever more.

And thus when with the solemn night, I see her armies grand and vast; When Venus flames in splendor bright, My soul steals down the ages past.

And treads Chaldaea's lonely plains, And hears the wild wailing song That Judea's son triumphant reigns; While ages shall its notes prolong.

I see the star there brightly shine, Which led those earnest pilgrim men, The star which first with light divine Hung o'er the vale of Bethlem.

Oh! child of Eve, oh! boon of life, Oh! hope unto my soul that's given; I gaze from out the dust of strife, From earth to thee, from thee to heaven.

For the Weekly Telegraph, CHESTER, Oct. 1859.

Friend Telegraph.—Having enjoyed a good rest after trying up, we will now let loose and float off into the stream again.

The curd, when put to press in warm weather, should be allowed to cool considerably, yet not so much as to produce any sensation of coldness to the hand, as it will be liable to retain too much whey. In very cool weather, there is but little danger of putting to press too warm, unless the cheese are large. When first put to press it is well to press quite lightly for a few minutes, as it is less liable to bring out the cream, after which it may be subjected to a full pressure.

After pressing about an hour, the follower should be taken off and the cloth smoothed where wrinkles have pressed into the cheese, as the seams or creases are not apt to close well after some hours' pressing. To do this, it is not necessary to take it from the hoop, but merely what can be done by removing the follower. If preferred, it can be turned into a clean cloth or cap. In either case, it may be allowed to press until evening, when it should be turned, and a clean cloth or cap put over it, and again put to press to remain until the next day, when the press is needed for the next cheese. Many dairies are pressed but one day, with good success. It is undoubtedly more safe to press the second day, after turning the cheese, especially those that are large. There is more certainty of getting a perfect surface, although there is no necessity with proper management. Of course, two presses will be needed in that case. The kind of press is unimportant, if it be of sufficient power. The considerations generally are economy and convenience. Any press that is sufficient to properly pack the curd, will expel all the whey that is necessary, when it is properly prepared.

It is a mistaken idea, that a cheese cannot be pressed too hard, or rather, too dry. A certain amount of moisture is important, in order to facilitate the change which takes place in curing from the green or curdy state to the buttery appearance a texture, which characterizes good cheese. The contrary defect is the most common one—too much weight when taken from the hoop—the excess being only whey which must dry out, and will more or less sour the cheese.

When curd is well prepared, there is not often a complaint of the want of pressure, yet it may be defective, as will appear evident, if the curd has not properly packed. The cheese when taken from the press, should have a band of thin cloth put around the edge, allowing the edges to lap over on the face, according to the size of the cheese, say from one to one and a half inches.—This band cloth should be lightly colored with annatto previous to using, and the face of the cheese stained with a preparation of the same, and when the surface has moderately dried, should be rubbed over with a cloth, dipped in oil, made from fresh butter, or from the cream of whey. The band need not be oiled until the next, or even second day. It is not well to sack, or cap common cheese "all over." They should

do well without, and will do so, unless there is imperfection in the manufacture. A cheese that is well made, is one "half taken care of." New ones require some attention each day, until about two weeks old, after which, from one to three days, according to age and state of the weather. When allowed to stand, and mould upon the shelves, so that it will not rub off, the cheese is really damaged, for it will continue to penetrate until it is spoiled. A room somewhat airy is preferable to a very close one for curing cheese, especially in regard to flavor, but a current of air is liable to chap or crack them.

Rennet.—This active and efficient agent is frequently made responsible in the minds of individuals for nearly all the various conditions of cheese that are imperfect, and perhaps no harmless agent is more unreasonably slandered. No one question is, perhaps, more frequently asked, than the one in relation to its preservation and preparation, and perhaps few in reference to cheesemaking are more easily answered, which is merely to say—Preserve it and keep it sweet. According to our experience, that which is the most free from any objectionable flavor, is prepared from the stomach of the calf, when killed, with it nearly or quite empty, which will be in about 24 hours after sucking, at from three to five days old, according to its development and healthy action, when the stomach will be white and clean.

They will generally commence picking up dirt after four or five days, consequently, we find a dirty maw. If kept after this age for real, or otherwise, the calf should be muzzled, or otherwise prevented from obtaining anything objectionable, for two days previous to killing. The rennet—as commonly called—when taken from the calf, should be allowed to cool, after which it should be well salted, and stretched upon a hoop or bow, and hung in a moderately dry place, to cure and dry. If allowed to remain in a damp place, it will gradually lose strength, especially in damp weather.

By keeping, rennet gradually loses its natural unpleasant odor, which is very prominent when fresh, without losing any of its coagulating properties, which are generally thought to improve. It is well not to use them until about a year old, and they may be well kept for years. Rennet, thus preserved and kept, will produce an infusion, nearly tasteless, except the salt, and if properly used, cannot produce any objectionable feature in cheese, either in appearance or flavor. Therefore, we would consider it as safe a method as can be adopted.

Another method which is quite common and very good, is to kill the calf at from six to eight hours after sucking, when the maw will contain a quantity of solid curd, white and clean, if proper care has been taken to keep the animal from dirt or other substances. This should be emptied out and well salted, and returned into the maw, and hung up where it will dry and cure, and should not be used until the second year. Another method is to pack them in a crock or jar with plenty of salt, and allowed thus to stand, until wanted for use,—sometimes they are taken up and dried, after being thoroughly pickled. The sweetness is improved by drying—that is, greater freedom from the animal or stomach flavor.

Another method practiced by some is to kill the calf in from one to two hours after sucking. At this time the stomach will contain quite nearly in curd and whey the bulk of the milk, as taken from the cow. In this case, the whole contents are preserved for use. This may be economy, so far as rennet is concerned—but cheese-makers who are partial to fine flavored cheese, appear to be generally prejudiced against it, as tending to induce a rank flavor; and we do not see how it can be otherwise, when used for cheese, to cure in warm weather.

In the report of the State Board of Agriculture for 1857, page 157, B. Anaxanus, states his method as being according to this last. We would like to know, whether he continues this practice, and whether he has ever discovered any tendency of rennet thus preserved, to induce an unpleasant flavor. Also, how long the whey and curd should be preserved, before it is fit for use, and whether it should be excluded from the air, and for his dairy of 40 cows, how much storage for rennet he finds necessary? If this method is not objectionable, we are prepared to say, no matter how the rennet is treated, so that it is kept sweet. There is a strong tendency in the whey to acidity, which will increase its coagulating properties, but all acids are considered to increase the pungent taste in cheese, which makes it objectionable to the majority.

To prepare rennet for use, the quantity should be according to the size of the dairy, preparing a sufficient supply for two or three weeks. Those without the curd are the most convenient. All that is necessary being to put them into a gallon of warm water with salt, and stir occasionally, and use no more than is sufficient to form the curd in about 40 minutes.

A little warm water should be added occasionally, as you take out for use, until the strength becomes considerably reduced, when more should be put to soak in another crock or jar, which may be replenished with the liquid from the first, as steamed, until the coagulating properties of the first are exhausted, and thus through the season. A reason for this practice is, that when rennet has become considerably reduced, it forms a less perfect curd, but by adding it to the fresh general quality is preserved. If from any cause it should become rancid, throw it away, unless you are willing to spoil your cheese. A few sprigs of sage occasionally, will have a preserving effect, and if used freely will impart its flavor to the curd, much to the benefit of the cheese.

Rennet that are saved with the curd, require more care in soaking to dissolve the curd. If you wish it to dissolve freely, use but